

PS  
1959  
.G7  
1883



GRANDMOTHER'S STORY  
OF  
BUNKER  
HILL  
BATTLE



OLIVER,  
WENDEL,  
HOLMES

Illustrated  
by  
H.W. Vickar. ©

Published by Dodd, Mead & Company  
755 Broadway, New York



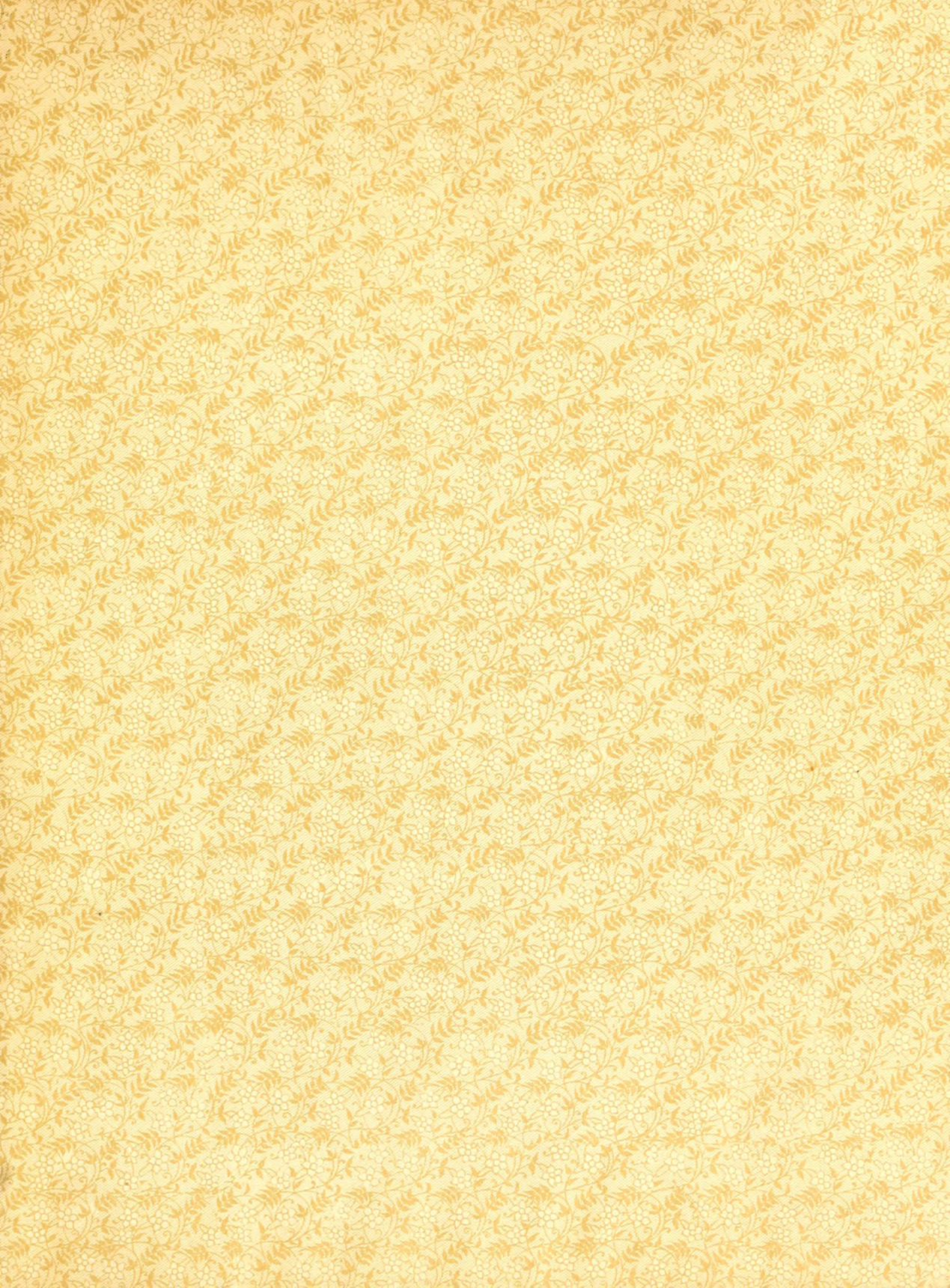
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 1959  
Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf . G 7  
1883

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

















"YE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY."



# GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE

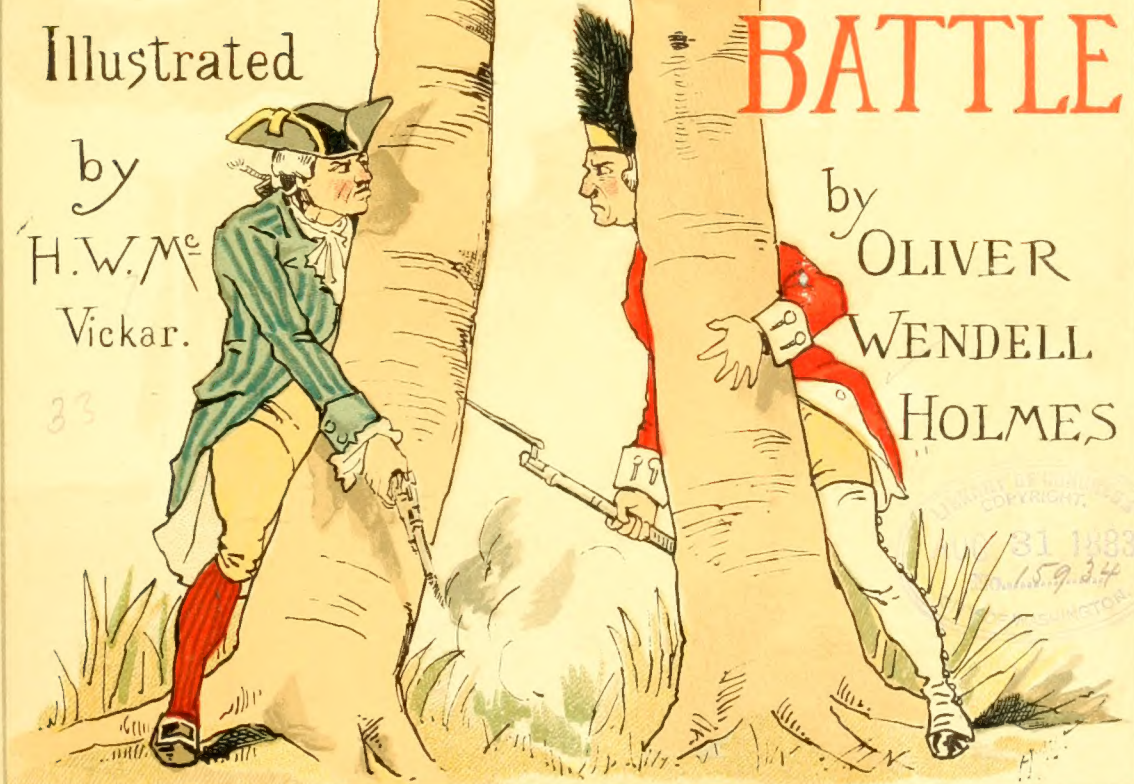
Illustrated

by

H. W. M<sup>re</sup>  
Vickar.

by

OLIVER  
WENDELL  
HOLMES



Imprinted at NEW YORK by DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

PS 1959  
G7  
1883

Copyright, 1875,  
By JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

Copyright, 1883,  
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. and  
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY.

*All rights reserved.*



'TIS LIKE STIRRING LIVING EMBERS WHEN, AT EIGHTY, ONE REMEMBERS  
 ALL THE ACHINGS AND THE QUAKINGS OF THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS;  
 WHEN I TALK OF WHIG AND TORY, WHEN I TELL THE REBEL STORY.  
 TO YOU THE WORDS ARE ASHES, BUT TO ME THEY'RE BURNING COALS.  
 I HAD HEARD THE MUSKETS' RATTLE OF THE APRIL RUNNING BATTLE;  
 LORD PERCY'S HURTED SOLDIERS, I CAN SEE THEIR RED COATS STILL,  
 BUT A DEADLY CHILL COMES O'ER ME, AS THE DAY LOOMS UP BEFORE ME,  
 WHEN A THOUSAND MEN LAY BLEEDING ON THE SLOPES OF BURKERS HILL.



THAT WAS THE BOOMING OF THE CANNON FROM THE RIVER AND THE SHORE:  
 I HAD HEARD THE RUMBLING OF THE GUNS, WHEN I WAS A BOY, AND  
 WHEN I WAS A MAN, I HAD HEARD THE RUMBLING OF THE GUNS, WHEN I WAS A MAN.

IN MIDST OF ALL MY QUAKING,  
THE GIRLS BEGAN TO ROAR:  
LAUGHTER AND THE PILLAGE,  
BULLETS THROUGH HIS DOOR.







NO TIME FOR BODICE-LACING OR FOR LOOKING-GLOSS BRIMACING  
DOWN MY HAIR WENT AS I HURRIED, TUMBLING HALFWAY TO  
GOD FORBID YOUR EVER KNOWING, WHEN THERE'S SMOKE AROUND HER  
NOW THE LOVELY, HELPLESS DAUGHTER OF A DOFTEN HOUSEHOLD FEE.



THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO WAS



A caricature of a French soldier in 18th-century attire. He wears a bicorne hat, a blue coat with yellow lapels and cuffs, and red stockings. He is holding a long rifle in his right hand and a sword in his left. A plumed helmet and a sword lie on the ground nearby. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.



EVERY WOMAN'S HEART GREW BIGGER WHEN WE SAW HIS MAJESTY  
WITH THE BAYONET BUCKLED ROUND IT, STANDING UP SO STRAIGHT  
LIKE A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE WHO IS STROLLING OUT FOR PLEASURE.  
THROUGH THE STORM OF SHELLS AND CANNON-SHOT HE WALKED AROUND THE WALL.



At the time the soldiers were marching for the first time through the streets of London, a crowd of people followed them with shouts of "God bless the king!" How the soldiers were made to feel the weight of the king's command, to the soldiers, who were the king's army, was a lesson in the king's power. In the crowd of people, who were the king's army, was a lesson in the king's power. And the soldiers, who were the king's army, were the king's army. And the soldiers, who were the king's army, were the king's army.





THE BRITISH SOLDIERS



THE LIFE OF THE LATE JOHN BISHOP, D.D.  
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY, &c. &c.  
BY THE REV. JOHN BISHOP, D.D.  
OF CANTERBURY, &c. &c.  
LONDON: Printed by J. B. ALLEN, 10, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, 1841.







THE COMMON OLD CRIPPLE.

He is a poor old man, who has been blind since he was a boy, and is now a cripple. He is a poor old man, who has been blind since he was a boy, and is now a cripple. He is a poor old man, who has been blind since he was a boy, and is now a cripple.



He is a poor old man, who has been blind since he was a boy, and is now a cripple. He is a poor old man, who has been blind since he was a boy, and is now a cripple. He is a poor old man, who has been blind since he was a boy, and is now a cripple.



THE ANCIENT BELFEE







BY THE PRELUDE OF A BATTLE-CRY NOT SOON WE SAW OUR ERROR:  
 THEY ARE BAFFLED, NOT DEFEATED; WE HAVE DRIVEN THEM BACK IN VAIN;  
 AND THE COLUMNS THAT WERE SCATTERED, ROUND THE COLORS THAT WERE TATTERED,  
 TOWARD THE Sullen SILENT FORTRESS TURN THEIR BELTED BREASTS AGAIN.  
 AT ONCE, AS WE ARE GAZING, LO! THE ROOFS OF CHARLESTOWN BLAZING!  
 THEY HAVE FIRED THE HARMLESS VILLAGE: IN AN HOUR IT WILL BE DOWN!  
 THE HORROR! WE LOOKED ON THE SMOKE AND AT THE SMOKE'S SOURCE!  
 THE ROOFS WERE FIRING RED-COATS, THAT WOULD BURN A PEACEFUL TOWN!  
 THEY ARE MASSACRERS, ARE THEY NOT? WE CAN SEE EACH MASSIVE COLUMN  
 OF THE BURNING EARTH-MOUND WITH THE SLANTING WALLS SO STEEP  
 AND OUR SOLDIERS FASTLY-STARTED, AND IN NOISELESS HASTE DEPARTED!  
 ARE THEY FLEEING? ARE THEY K AND HELPLESS? ARE THEY PALED OR ASLEEP?









AND WE LOOKED, POOR TIMID CREATURES, ON THE ROUGH OLD SOLDIER'S FEATURES  
OUR LIPS AFRAID TO QUESTION, BUT HE KNEW WHAT WE WOULD ASK:

"HERE'S DAMNATION TO THE CUT-THROATS!"—THEN HE HANDED ME HIS FLASK



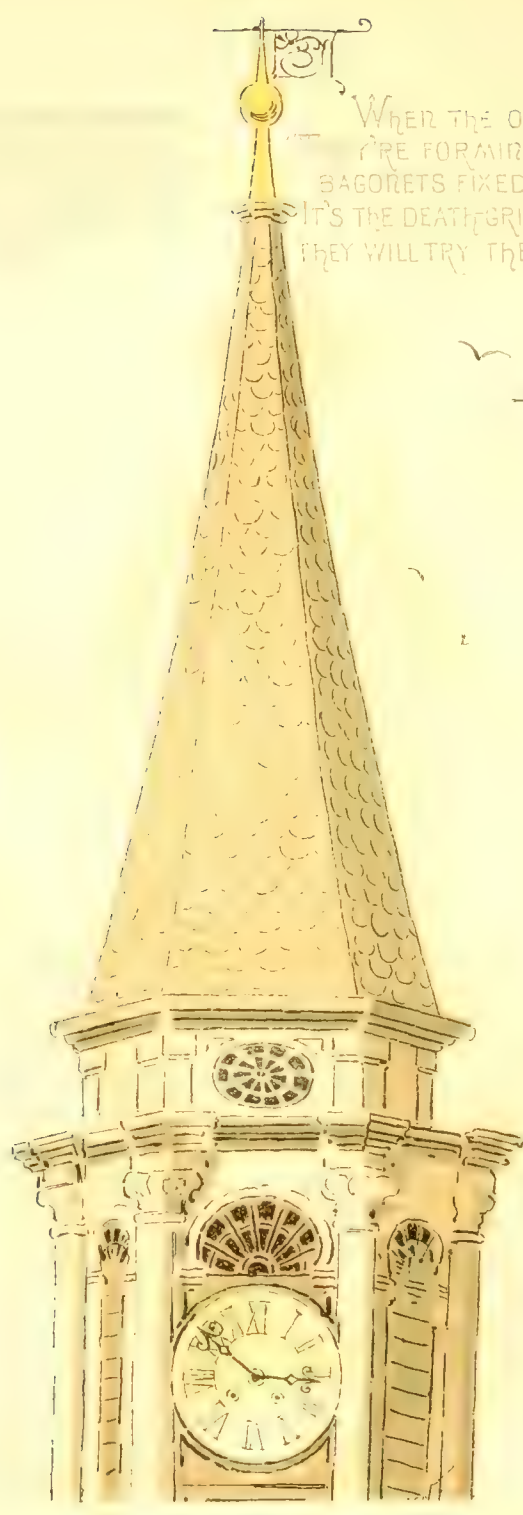
SAYING, "GAL, YOU'RE LOOKING SHAKY; HAVE A DROP OF OLD JAWWAKY.

I'M AFRAID THERE'LL BE MORE TROUBLE AFORE THE JOB IS DONE."

SO I TOOK ONE SCORCHING SWALLOW; DREADFUL FAINT I FELT AND HOLLOW,

STANDING THERE FROM EARLY MORNING WHEN THE FIRING WAS BEGUN.

When the old man said,  
"I'm forming with their  
sagorets fixed for storming;  
It's the deathgrip that's a coming,  
They will try the works once more!"





What a scene! the British soldiers, in their red coats, and  
the French soldiers, in their blue coats, were all  
fighting bravely. The British soldiers were all  
killed, and the French soldiers were all  
killed. The British soldiers were all  
killed, and the French soldiers were all  
killed.









IT WAS THE WOODEN LEGGED MAN WHO  
WENT TO THE WOODEN LEGGED MAN







WHO HAD DONE IT WAS WHAT THE NAME WAS GIVEN TO THE MAN WHO HAD DONE IT  
 WHO HAD DONE IT WAS WHAT THE NAME WAS GIVEN TO THE MAN WHO HAD DONE IT  
 HE COULD NOT SPEAK TO TELL US; BUT 'T WAS ONE OF OUR BRAVE FELLOWS  
 HE HAD BEEN IN THE ARMY—STAYED IN THE ARMY—HE HAD BEEN IN THE ARMY  
 FOR TWO MONTHS HE WAS ONE OF THE BRAVEST MEN IN THE ARMY  
 AND THAT SAW US, HOW THEY HAD BEEN IN THE ARMY—HE HAD BEEN IN THE ARMY  
 THEN, HE HAD BEEN IN THE ARMY—HE HAD BEEN IN THE ARMY  
 HE FAINTLY MURMURED, "MOTHER!"—AND—I SAW HIS EYES WERE BLUE





"WE THINK SO, MY DEAR MRS. BENTLEY"





*From the collection of the  
British Museum, London  
The Trustees of the British Museum  
The British Museum, London*



THERE'S HIS PICTURE EMBLETT PAINTED



1715



















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 117 531 6